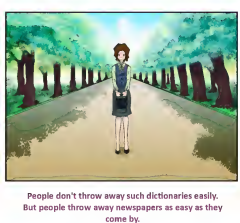
Prologue.1

There was one time I was asked how I want to be seen by someone I love.

I vaguely recall answering that
I wanted to be like a dictionary to him.

Like one of those exquisite thick dictionaries found on antique shelves...



People don't throw away such dictionaries easily.
But people throw away newspapers as easy as they come by.
Unfortunately, I am one of those newspapers today.

It's obvious but you don't need to feel guilty for newspapers you throw away.

Of course, if you were throwing it away on a street or something,
you might feel guilty for throwing garbage there.
I just hope that he will feel guilty for doing exactly so.

On the other hands..., perhaps I should feel grateful for keeping this newspaper for 3 years...

Steaks... My favorite ...

But today my focus is on the toothpick instead of the steak.

Today is a bad day for me and
I will continue to focus on being miserable.

The steak... It's a little spicy but it's alright...

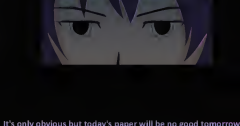
The spicy taste is lingering...

So long that it's making me cry...

My name is Jur.

A woman who smiles while crying.

Today's newspaper is for today.
It's not for tomorrow.



It's only obvious but today's paper will be no good tomorrow.

The guy I am seeing right now is newspaper.
He's not a dictionary.

Therefore, there is no need to feel guilty for throwing them away.
After all, being thrown away is the fate of every newspaper.

On Friday like this, newspaper is much better ...

I have to open it ...

I have to open it ... damn it.

My name is Whar.

An angry woman in love.

만화속세상